



ELBERON'S SOCIAL OUTLOOK.

Elberon, N. J., July 3.—M. Patenotre, French Ambassador to Washington, and his young wife are at Summer at Elberon. They will be visited later on by Mrs. Patenotre's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Elverson, Jr. The latter was formerly the actress Eleanor Mays, and is apt to turn many heads when she appears at a Summer resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kemp, Jr., of No. 57 West Forty-fifth street, New York, have been domiciled here for a fortnight at the Elberon Hotel, where they will remain for the Summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarence Dorsey, and their daughter, Miss Elaine Dorsey, of No. 53 West Seventeenth street, are among the guests at the Elberon Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Victor Newcomb, of No. 183 Fifth avenue, New York, are at their Elberon cottage.

Senator Murphy, of New York, and his family are now settled at Elberon for the Summer. They left Washington early in the week and came directly here. The Senator has arranged a pair of the Turin bill and all other political questions. Now he proposes to enjoy himself, bathing and fishing, and does not expect to return to Washington during this session of Congress.

George M. Pullman, the Chicago millionaire, has taken possession of his Elberon cottage with his family. The Pullmans have not failed for six years to come to the Jersey coast in Summer, and always keep open house while here.

Allenhurst, N. J., July 3.—Electricity has become the fad. The Summer folk are not satisfied with the anticipated daylight in their homes, but now light their trees, and the result is a semi-fairyland. The idea seems to have gained supremacy all at once, and every evening there is a transformation scene that reminds one of the old-time spectacular performances at the theatres.

Among recent visitors were the members of a jolly tally-ho party that came down from Monmouth Beach. The list included Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fyle, Mrs. H. Vanderhoof, Mrs. George Vanderhoof, Mr. Grant, Miss Doolittle, Miss Mary Fyle, Miss Vanderhoof, Miss Nathalie Vanderhoof, Mr. H. S. Manning, Jr., and Masters Gayle Doolittle, R. Barbery, George W. Vanderhoof, Jr., C. Perry Beadleston, Randolph Beadleston, Warren Barbery, James Fargo and W. Scott Fyle, Jr.

Taulman A. Miller has purchased the Appleby lot on Atlantic avenue.

J. K. Hoyt, of New York, has taken Mrs. Manley's house for the Summer.

James Hyde Young and his family, of New York, have rented Mrs. Edwards's pretty cottage for the Summer.

Among the guests who have engaged rooms for the season at the Dunes are: Mr.

taining their friend, Mrs. Griefenhangen, of New York, at their cottage on D street. Among New Yorkers who have cottages here are Mr. and Mrs. A. Sterner, who have taken a house on River avenue.

A series of yacht races forms part of Belmar's Summer programme. They will start from Buhler's dock.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Martini, Jr., of Newark, have taken apartments for the Summer at the East Lynne.

Among the other Newark people who have taken cottages here are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas, on Tenth avenue, between C and D streets; Timothy W. Lord and family, corner of Second avenue and D street; T. H. Williams and family, on Third avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Trumbull, of Jersey City, have the Cromwell cottage, on Twelfth avenue and C street, for the season.

POINT PLEASANT ATHLETICS.

These Will Be the Feature of the Fourth of July Celebration at the Resort.

Point Pleasant, N. J., July 3.—The Athletic Association has been making arrangements for a big day on the Fourth of July—on rather the fifth, as it will be celebrated on Monday—by bicycle races, running races and other athletic features. A game of baseball will be played in the afternoon and in the evening there will be a big display of fireworks.

The Resort House opened on Thursday last with a large number of guests at its annual opening dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Travers, of New York, are summering at their cottage here.

George B. Dudley, of Washington, D. C., is occupying his pleasant Summer home on the banks of the Manasquan.

J. J. Joyce, of New York City, is spending the Summer at his cozy cottage here.

Charles G. Gilbert is a New Yorker who is domiciled at the Dougherty cottage, last year the Summer home of the Russian Ambassador.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cuthbert, of New York City, are stopping at the Leighton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Newson and family are among the recent arrivals at the Beacon-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Pichard and family, of New York, are registered at the Leighton.

FISH DUEL AT WARETOWN.

The Bluefish and the Weakfish Have a Battle Royal in Which the Latter Are Defeated.

Waretown, N. J., July 3.—The bluefish have driven the weakfish into the more remote parts of the bay, so that as a rule none are caught in just this locality. Fishermen from both the upper and lower parts of the bay, further from the inlet, report large catches of weakfish. While after the blues, fishermen have frequently come

GAYETY RULES AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Atlantic City, July 3.—To-night marked the opening of all the gayeties and pleasures of the resorts. Every garden, restaurant and pavilion is this evening resounding with the blare of brass bands, for this is the eve of Atlantic City's greatest day. The Fourth of July never fails to bring a

ONE OF THE BELLES OF LONG BRANCH.



Miss Hannah Rothenberg, who always prefers to be her own driver.

crowd to the seashore, and to-morrow it is predicted the holiday will surpass all previous efforts. How many will come is not known, but the number of strangers in the city to-morrow will not fall short of 100,000.

Five thousand of these will be wheelmen, who will enter the great special run of the Continental Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, to the shore. When the Kentworth Wheelmen gave its run a month ago in which 2,000 entered, it ended and crowded so that it excited the Continentals, and they determined to beat that record. All they need for success is the indulgence of the weather clerk, for they have aroused an interest in the affair which has gathered them entries from every cycling organization within fifty miles of Philadelphia.

The real good, wholesome hot spell which struck us this week sent the people into the surf in droves, and the romances and stories, fathered by old Neptune are one more being woven. The costumes are attracting attention, as leading modistes have decided to force a change.

There seems to be no radical difference from those of last year, however, except in the matter of colors—those of the present are gay. Among the startling ones was a dress in white. The material of which her costume was made, matters not. It was pure as the driven snow and fitted her like a glove. Even the stockings were white. The only touch of color was a pink sash at her waist and a slight flush on a face as fair as the moon.

A frequenter of the surf is Mrs. James Elverson, Jr., of Philadelphia, who, before she became the wife of "Colonel Jim," was Eleanor Mayo, the original Princess Bonine. Countess Esterhazy is another distinguished bather. She is a guest of Haddon Hall.

One of the handsomest bathers is Miss Ruth E. Childs, a Western beauty, who is stopping at the Windsor with her sister, Mrs. John W. Dwight, of New York. Miss Childs's home is at San Francisco, and she is enjoying her first sight of the turbulent Atlantic.

A new fact was brought to light this week. The dear girls have a new fad, and a most startling one it is. For some time past the frisky wind has been exposing brilliant colors close to shoe tops, which could not be explained, until one mischievous daughter of Eve told the secret. They have long been wearing the college colors of their favorite male friends, and handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., of vari-colored ribbon were for a time quite common. The fad of girls now has her hoarse women wear desired colors, and hence the black and yellow, all blue or red and blue protected ankles so common when the breeze plays.

Harry Mackey, who has managed the Atlantic City baseball team in the past, has regained control of that aggregation of college players. The regular season opened to-day, when they met the ballplayers from Australia.

The New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati will hold its annual meeting at the Windsor on Monday. The New Jersey State Dental Society will hold its annual convention at the Grand Atlantic from July 2 to 23, inclusive.

Island Heights, N. J., July 3.—The attractions of the Fourth at this place will be athletic games, bicycle races and fireworks, winding up with a river carnival. The day will be celebrated on Monday, and the hotels are already filled with visitors who have come to spend the anniversary of independence, and to enjoy the pleasures of the day.

Preparations are under way for the annual camp meeting, held at the Island Heights camp meeting grounds. Services this year will be in charge of Rev. Daniel E. Lyons. The services of the evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, known some years ago as "the boy preacher," have been secured for the meetings, which will begin on July 25 and close on August 1.

Mrs. F. H. Wright and family, of East Orange, are guests at the Island House.

S. Elizabeth Lewis, of Brooklyn, is stopping at the Perennial for a season.

Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N., of

CAPE MAY ENTERTAINS CELEBRITIES.

Cape May, N. J., July 3.—Many members of Congress have been here the past week. Among the most prominent ones who are still here are David B. Henderson and George M. Curtis, of Iowa.

Governor and Mrs. William C. Oates, of Alabama, will pass the season here, as well

WHAT'S TO BE SEEN AT LAKE HOPATCONG.

Lake Hopatcong, Morris Co., N. J., July 3, 1897.

AT Hopatcong once the savior Took his bow and arrow down, When he thought it well to ravage Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown. Like the red of Passaicmoking. He would revel with delight. While he danced around the rum keg Through the watches of the night.

Lake Hopatcong is a beautiful sheet of water that ripples and sparkles like a million engagement rings among the densely wooded hills of Morris County, N. J. It has frequently been compared, and favorably, by the good-natured and well-meaning poet while soaring into space rates, to Lake Como, Maggiore, Killarney and other bodies of water noted particularly for their picturesque and general beauty and not for their freedom from malaria and mosquitoes. The only mosquitoes at Lake Hopatcong are those brought out on the trains from the Hackensack meadows. They may be seen in the darkness by the sharp flame which fringes their buzzers and blossoms in the delicate ultra-marine peculiar to brandy burning on the crest of a cupful of black coffee. The Hopatcong malar is also conveyed to this romantic spot by the people who go forth from the little villages that are strung along the Newark shores of the Passaic River like so many peach stands along the north-west of Park row. Some of these natives are already beginning to see that these miasmatic will illuminate the Hopatcong air with malaria as until the value of real estate in the vicinity cannot be held up by a pair of cast iron suspenders hitched to a balloon. A sail on the lake is a most delightful experience, especially when the moon is shining, at which time the pale gray jackass that bays and has his being in the vicinity of the Breslin asserts and proves beyond all peradventure his relationship to and with the nightingale, when he bursts into rosy go-rounds of song that lacerate the wish-bone of the night, while they die away among the emerald hills that dream beneath the silent stars.

About a month ago, the Breslin, which had been known for ten years as a first-class Summer hotel, was turned into a fish club. Prominent among the members are Vice-President Hobart and Governor Griggs. All true politicians seem to be disciples of the late Isaac Walton, and it is not wonderful that these New Jersey statesmen should find delight, rest and recreation upon the green shores upon which the

Nariticong Indians of Lenno Leuappi, In their war paint And stone paint, Were frisky and happy While hunting the muskrat, The reindeer and bear, The coon and the rabbit That monkeyed round there.

The path from the boat landing up to the Breslin consists of about eight terraces or cascades of steps, which make it much easier to go down to the landing to catch fish than to carry up the fish that don't succeed in flopping themselves off the hook. The flies that are told at the Breslin about the marvels of angling are said to be worthy of preservation in permanent form. One man up there recently regaled the company with a story of a retriever he once owned that would sit patiently at the stern of the boat, ready at a moment's notice to plunge in and bring back in his mouth any large specimen that dropped on the hook. In his excitement he told of how the dog had come to a point on a fish that was swimming near the surface at the upper end of the lake known as the Hopatcong Coney Island.

"In an instant," said the old angler, tapping his corn-cob pipe on his bootsole, "the retriever sprang in and brought the blue fish land."

He is still the undisputed wearer of the diamond belt.

And yet you can find better blue fish on the Lake Hopatcong table than you can at Rockaway, at which place for some mysterious reason the black bass is better than at Lake Hopatcong. Since the Breslin ceased to be a hotel the Mount Arlington has taken off its coat, put on its rubber boots and sauntered gracefully up the greased pole of popularity and success. Its Spanish omelette matches the Hopatcong sunset and makes one forget the landscape picture in the parlor. This picture seems to be sensitive to the extremes of heat and cold. The trees, the brook and cows all seem to be waving and tossing in different directions according to the way that the light strikes it. And it must often remind the student and observer of things of an antique porous plaster much the worse for wear. But one should not look for an art gallery in the hotel where the cooking is good, and the beds are soft, and the banjo habit is frowned upon. The beauty of Lake Hopatcong lies in the fact that the scenery is not grand and desolate, but quiet and interesting. Neither does it remind one of an urban park in which the landscape seems to be handmade, supplied a department store and fastened down nails. There are numerous embankments, long macadamized road from Mount

Arlington Station to Nolan's Point, which is the delight of all lovers of the bicycle and the horse. Lake Hopatcong is much higher in point of altitude than a number of famous lakes which are mentioned in the circulars at great length, while those bodies of water which enjoy a greater altitude than that of Lake Hopatcong are carefully omitted.

Hopatcong's a long and wide water. Just one thousand feet above tide water. It is dotted here and there with little islands which now ripple and glimmer in their breezy Summer garb. The region is haunted with Indian romances that might be worked up in Hiawatha style. William Chinese is the name of a brave that once capered in painted glory over the lumpy waters of the Musconetcong, with his squaw Ahnaw, at whom he recently whistled his war whoop of "Ah-ah-ah" while picking the feathers from the scalp of a rival. The lake has been called a sea set in ripples of rainbow colors. The fear is there no more. Some of the bears steaks put upon the grill here are cut from the aged deer of the forest. The grinders' supply store to the "forest primeval" act for the amusement and edification of guests in the woods behind the tennis courts. These steaks are so full of the spirit of the music to which they danced when in the quick that one cannot partake of one of them without finding oneself unconsciously whistling a chorus from "Rigoletto" or "Faust."

The camper camps at Lake Hopatcong and pitches his tent on the shore among the whispering reeds and dreams of wigwams and wampum, and calumets, and other things that figure in the poetry of the noble red man. And yet Hopatcong is said to be more like the English lakes, of which Wordsworth sang so charmingly, than like those which yield five dollars a day out of the tourist, not including a fisher guide, in our own blessed land.

A CRACK WHIP OF THE JERSEY COAST.



Miss Belle Murray, of New York, who can drive a four-in-hand as easily as a span.

Should it become known that Hopatcong really is the qualities of resemblance peculiar to the English lakes Derwent and Castleton, it is quite likely that many members of the "our Hundred will cast contempt upon L. mox and Narragansett and pitch their Summer tents, or rather palaces, among the breezy hills of Lake Hopatcong.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CYCLISTS VISIT BARNEGAT.

They Spin Through the Resort, 400 Strong, Bent on a Double Century Run.

Barnegat, N. J., July 3.—The season at Barnegat has now fairly begun. The anniversary of independence has brought a number of guests, and the hotel keepers are looking forward to a busy July and August. Fishing has been and is good, and that attracts the anglers. In addition, the fine roads are a source of pleasure to those delighting in cycling. A double century run of about four hundred passed through and stoned here for lunch last Sunday, declared that the best roads they had found en route from Philadelphia were in and about Barnegat.

U. C. Deane and G. H. Green, of Newark, were among the recent arrivals at the Clarence House.

L. W. McKay and Charles E. Lene are New Yorkers registered at the Clarence.

and Mrs. H. C. de Rivera, Miss Susan B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Barrett, New Brighton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Burr, Jr., and Mr. Van Rensselaer Burr, Miss De Cou and Miss M. de Cou, of Trenton.

Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Baldwin, of New York, have taken a cottage for the season.

Among the guests at the Inn are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bunsted, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Vreeland, Jersey City; Mr. and Mrs. George Jeremiah, New York; Harry B. Smith, Clarence C. Smith, Newark; W. W. Russell, New York.

Mr. F. B. Schenck and Mrs. N. B. de Saussure, of Brooklyn, are occupying a cottage, as are Judge and Mrs. Guild, of Newark.

Belmar, N. J., July 3.—Bathing has begun in serious earnest, and the beach presents a very gay picture these bright Summer mornings. Most of the girls have picturesque new suits, fitting neatly to their trim figures, which adds much to the beauty of the scene. It is feared that if the English plan were adopted and there were no bold masculine eyes to gaze upon the charming effects of costume the bathing suit would soon cease to be a thing of beauty. At present, however, there is no danger of anything of the sort, as there is a plentiful sprinkling of manly figures on the strand.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Barnett and family, of Newark, N. J., are settled in their cozy cottage on Ocean avenue.

Mr. K. E. Bean and daughter are enter-

upon them as they had surrounded and were charging into a school of weakfish, snapping a good sized weakfish in two at one bite, and covering the surface of the bay with the remains of the slaughtered fish.

H. K. J. Williams, W. A. Kisson, J. L. Robertson, W. P. Robertson and W. P. Gouffier are a party of New Yorkers who have been enjoying the excellent fishing.

FISH YARNS OF SEA ISLE CITY.

Everyone Has Told the Truth, It Is Time Barnegat Was Heard From.

Sea Isle City, N. J., July 3.—This is the season of fish stories, for fish and fishermen are here together. If no untruths have wandered in, the record-breaking has been something phenomenal. For instance, Captain Albert Bright went to sea Tuesday for several hours and came back with nine bluefish, whose combined weight was ninety-four pounds.

Captain Charles Sutton and Frederick Trofs caught fifty weakfish, bluefish and croakers on Wednesday.

Ladies and children sojourning here are enjoying the crabbing, and they are catching hundreds of these delicious shell fish.

Professor Ryder and family, of Trenton, N. J., are among the latest Summer arrivals.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY FROM LIFE.



This is Miss Alida Price and "Bab" Price, as photographed while driving on Ocean avenue, Long Branch.

Governor Griggs was to come, but important business prevented.

Joseph Geisenberger, a Philadelphia business man, proved himself an expert angler by catching with rod and reel, from the end of the pier, a twenty-two-pound black drumfish.

E. F. James, Carpenter and family, of Pottsville, Pa., are here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Joyce, Miss Joyce, Miss McCarthy, Miss A. R. Thomas, W. H. Hoover, R. A. Bendornagle, P. C. Clements, L. H. Kountz, R. H. Martin, W. A. Calk, R. B. Baker, Miss Baker, Mrs. Calender, A. H. Calender, S. H. Calender, Miss Sarah Calender, Miss Emma Merwood, Frank Miller, the Rev. and Mrs. Reeve Hobbie, Theodore Hobbie, Archie Hobbie.